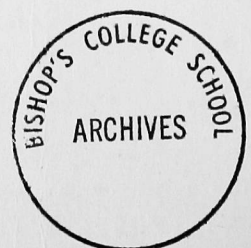


# King's Hall

1948





# King's Hall Magazine

June 1948



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## Assistant Editor

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EVE GORDON, V A

## Sports Editor

MARY FORSTER

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MISS SIMPSON      MISS MORRIS  
MISS HUGHES      MISS MACLENNAN

## Editorial

Graduation marks a serious change in the life of any young person. It means the closing of many familiar doors while new doors are opening into the unknown. It lies with us whether or not the future pattern of our lives will be of benefit to our fellow beings.

Our era, more than any preceding one, has proved that the nations of the world cannot exist isolated from one another. We know that to-day all countries must agree to help each other or perish. We cannot live to ourselves, or for ourselves, alone.

Here at King's Hall we have been granted privileges unknown to many. To all thinking people, privilege carries with it responsibility. From now on it will be our task to make our lives worthy of the opportunities we have enjoyed. If we could live true to the principles

—and the principal—of our school, the world could not help but to be a little better for our effort, no matter how small our sphere of influence.

We have been taught to live simply, but with a dignity that should stand us in good stead no matter where our lot may fall.

We have been made aware of the needs of others and have been made to realize that if we **will** we **can** help to alleviate the distress of the world.

Here we have been given a noble example. Ours to follow!

“When the high heart we magnify  
And the sure vision celebrate,  
And worship greatness passing by—  
We ourselves are great.”

We, of the magazine committee wish to express our sincere thanks to the girls who, in helping us, have contributed greatly to the preparing and editing of this year's magazine.

Especially we appreciated the guidance and untiring efforts of Miss Morris, Miss Simpson and Miss MacLennan. The advertising has been made possible through the work of Miss Hughes, and we would like to thank Miss Wallace for all her work on the pictures.

THE EDITORS

King's Hall, May 26th, 1948.

My Dear Girls:

It seems strange that I should find it so much more difficult to write to you than to talk to you. I know you will all agree that I am seldom at a loss for words! But there are so many things I should like to write. This year, however, I am going to write about what one person has called, "The Hundred-Point" man or woman.



A banker was once asked to report on the sense of responsibility of a certain person. The answer came back, thus, "He is a Hundred-Point man in everything and anything he undertakes." Of how many of us can it be truly said we are "Hundred-Point" persons? Unfortunately, such people are not plentiful.

Let us stop to consider what would be some of the outstanding qualities of a "Hundred-Point" person. I think you will agree with one writer who says they are these. "A 'Hundred-Point' person is one who is true to every trust: who keeps his word: who is loyal to his group: who does not listen for insults or look for slights: who is moderate in his eating and drinking: who is cautious and yet courageous." I should like to add to these—one who is courteous: who is considerate: who is gracious and serene: who is too big to be petty.

"Hundred-Point" people vary much in ability; they may be rich or poor. But this is always true—they are safe to deal with whether they are bank-presidents or truck-drivers.

So let me plead with you all, but particularly with those who are about to step out into a broader life, no matter what degrees you may in future have the right to place after your names, try to live so that one day you will be worthy of the greatest of all distinctions—the degree of H.P—"Hundred-Point."

Yours affectionately,

ADELAIDE GILLARD

## Head Girl



BARBARA CHAMBERS  
Montreal, Que.

Head Girl

1946-1948  
MacDonald

"The Lark, The Herald of the Morn"

Choir; Photography Club '47; Music Club '48; Form, House, School Soccer '47, '48; Form, House, School Volleyball '47; "C" Ski Test; Form, House, School Basketball '47; Glee Club '47; Sports Captain '47; Winner Badminton Singles '48.

6.30 a.m. in pounces Chambers warbling the descant to "Three Blind Mice". 6.30 p.m. a scream . . . Silence . . . "Why cats are such affectionate animals!"

### HEAD GIRL'S REPORT

To give a "report" of events this year seemed a very inadequate way to express to you all the thanks of the Prefects and myself for your continual interest and your co-operation throughout the past year. Later, when you have shouldered responsibilities, you will realize more fully the important part each one of you plays in the life of King's Hall. Each month, each year you spend here, your actions and your words become an integral part of that which is called the "tradition" of the School.

It has been very gratifying this year to know that there has been such an increasing interest in activities "outside of school." It has only been, however, through the untiring efforts of the Staff, that these extra-curricular activities have been made possible. They have unselfishly lent their talents, and have efficiently organized the clubs, which during the week, have been such a pleasant relaxation after the routine of the day. On behalf of the girls, I wish to extend our thanks and appreciation to all the Staff, who have always given help and guidance to us.

This year has been an active one for us, and we have all met difficulties and good times together. Let us never forget them, nor King's Hall. May you all have happiness and every success in 1949!

BARBARA CHAMBERS



## Prefects

JANE HARTMAN  
Meadowbrook, Pa.

1943-1948  
Head of Rideau 1948  
MacDonald 1943-1947

"Throw physic to the dogs!"

Choir '47, '48; School, House Soccer '47, '48; School, House Basketball '47; Glee Club '47; Literary Club '48; Form, House Volleyball '47; Form Captain '47.

It's a cyclone! It's a tornado! No, it's Janie sailing through another Physics problem successfully. Now, she'll have time to pull out a sheet of that pink tissue paper to answer all those letters.

WILLA BENSON  
Montreal, Que.

1944-1948  
Prefect on Rideau

"Blessed with that charm, the certainty to please"

Glee Club '47; Music Club '47, '48; Form Volleyball (VI A) team '47; 2nd Prefect on Rideau '47, '48; Choir '47, '48.

Strains of "Habanera" float from the bath tub. Soon Benny will rustle past in her latest petticoat, or should we say Cleo, for with those bangs she could even deceive Antony!

DIONE APPLETON  
Montreal, Que.

1940-1948  
Head of MacDonald

"A short life in the saddle Lord!

Not a long life by the Fire"

Glee Club '47; Volleyball team '47; Form Captain '47.

Hold on to your apple... that poor horse is hungry again and Dione feels even the best hay isn't good enough for Billy.

MARJORIE MACKEEN  
Ottawa, Ontario.

1944-1948  
Prefect on MacDonald

"Sweet is every sound, sweeter, thy voice"

Glee Club '46, '47; Form Captain '46, '47; Music Club '47, '48; Literary Club '47, '48; "B" Ski Test; Form, House, School Soccer '46, '47; House Soccer '47, '48; Form, House Volleyball '46, '47; House Basketball '46, '47; Choir '46, '47, '48.

Hide your silver-polish! Here comes Marjorie with a tarnished halo. Oh! Marj., you haven't been singing undesirable songs in the Angelic choir again!

ANN PITT  
Montreal, Que.

1944-1948  
Head of Montcalm

"Wake and call me early"

House, Form, School Soccer '47, '48; "B" and "C" Ski Tests '47; B.C.S. Play '48; Photography Club '47; Form Volleyball '47; House, Form Basketball '48.

Who is that grotesque figure stumbling under a heavy load in the dim light of the corridor. Don't be alarmed, Pitt has just figured out Einstein's theory!

LUCINDA VAUGHAN  
Montreal, Que.

MacDonald 1943-1947  
Montcalm 1947-1948

"Elementary, My dear Watson"

Choir; "C" Ski Test; Glee Club '47; Music Club '48; Literary Club '48; Photography Club '47; House Volleyball '47; Library Committee Matric.

"Ho Ho" slinks down the corridor. Beware, here comes Cinders with her scalpel. That fur coat is growing by leaps and bounds!





JOAN WILLIAMS  
Shawinigan Falls, Que.

1942-1948  
MacDonald  
Residence Captain

"I love a tidy woman"

House Volleyball '47, '48; Photography Club '47; Music Club '48; House, Form Volleyball '47; "C" Ski Test '48; Form Basketball '47, '48; Winner Badminton Doubles '48.

Wanted: Position as secretary to Vice-President of small business concern. Neat, sunny office, spelling book, and adding machine required.



MARIE STRATHY

1944-1948  
Rideau  
Sports Captain 1948

"I felt I could be confidential"

Photography Club '47; House, Form Volleyball '47; House Basketball '47; House, Form, School Soccer '47, '48; Library Committee '48; Music Club '48; "B" & "C" Ski Tests.

"Now confidentially, just between the two of us"—Brace yourself, Marie's at it again. But if you want the real lowdown on the Sports world, Marie is your best bet.

## Form Officers



MIRIAM BAKER  
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

1945-1948  
Montcalm  
Form Captain 1948

"Better late than never"!

Choir; Glee Club; "C" Ski Test '48; House, Form Soccer team '47; House, Form Volleyball '47; Photography Club '48; Literary Club; Music Club; Library Committee '47; Assistant Editor.

"What rhymes with Amoeba?" "Bathsheba?" Now, Minnum leave your poetical efforts. The fifth bell has gone and the sun may go in before you can get another freckle.



JANE TRENHOLME  
Montreal, Que.

1944-1948  
MacDonald  
Form Captain 1948

"O why should life all labour be?"

"C" Ski Test '47; House, Form Volleyball '47.

Position Wanted: As chauffeur of private car in vicinity of Metis. Cadillac preferred. Short days, heavy meals.



JILL PRICE  
Montreal, Que.

1944-1948  
Rideau  
Form Sports Captain 1948

"And most divinely fair"

Choir '47, '48; Glee Club '47; "B" & "C" Ski Tests '47; Music Club '48; Form, House, School Soccer '47, '48; Form, School Basketball '47; House, Form Volleyball '47; Ski Team '48.

Third term of smashing success! Jillian Priceless gave her 100th performance of "Golden Earrings" last night. Another performance to-night. Come one, come all and bring your golden ear-plugs!

## Matrics

JUDITH AITKEN

Lockport, New York.

1940-1948

Montcalm

"Building castles in the air"

Choir; Glee Club; Literary Club; House, Form, School Soccer '47, '48; House Basketball '47, '48; House Volleyball '47, '48.

Midnight—a blood curdling scream echoes through the corridor. Relax, it's only Judy wrestling with Dracula. Five minutes after second bell—A figure is seen ambling down the hall clutching a manicure set and vigorously combing her bangs.

BARBARA BEALL

Montreal, Que.

1944-1948

Montcalm

"Every man will be thy friend"

Choir; Glee Club '47; "B" Ski Test, Ski Team '48; Volleyball '47.

3 a.m.—everyone asleep? Beall has just dropped her sixth knitting needle. Diamond socks again. Prep—everyone working hard?—don't be ridiculous!

ELIZABETH BRADSHAW

Grand Mère, Que.

1946-1948

MacDonald

"Full well they laugh at all her jokes"

Music Club '48; Literary Club '48; Glee Club '47; Photography Club '47; House, Form Volleyball '47.

Peacock's Selected Essays goes flying out the window! Ibbey is winning the argument this time. You will find that Ibbey is also the cause of a minor riot in the dining room with her tales of "Lil Richard".

JANE CUSHING

Montreal, Que.

1942-1948

Montcalm

"An' yo' couldn't he'p f'om dancin' if yo' feet was boun' wif twine"

Glee Club; Music Club; House Soccer Team '47; Form, House, School Basketball '47, '48; House, Form Volleyball Team VI-A.

A native from Nassau? No, not quite. "Tupper" tangoes into the hall crooning the latest "Blues."

SALLY DOBELL

Montreal, Que.

1945-1948

Rideau

"The little actor cons another part"

Choir '47, '48; Ski Team '48; "B" & "C" Ski Tests '47; Form Volleyball '47; Glee Club '47.

Ad: Sally's Dress Shoppe announces its annual spring clearance, amazing articles at amazing prices!

N.B.—On approximately June 23rd—exceptional bargain—navy serge tunic and one pair of black oxfords—cheap.

MARY FORSTER

Montreal, Que.

1945-1948

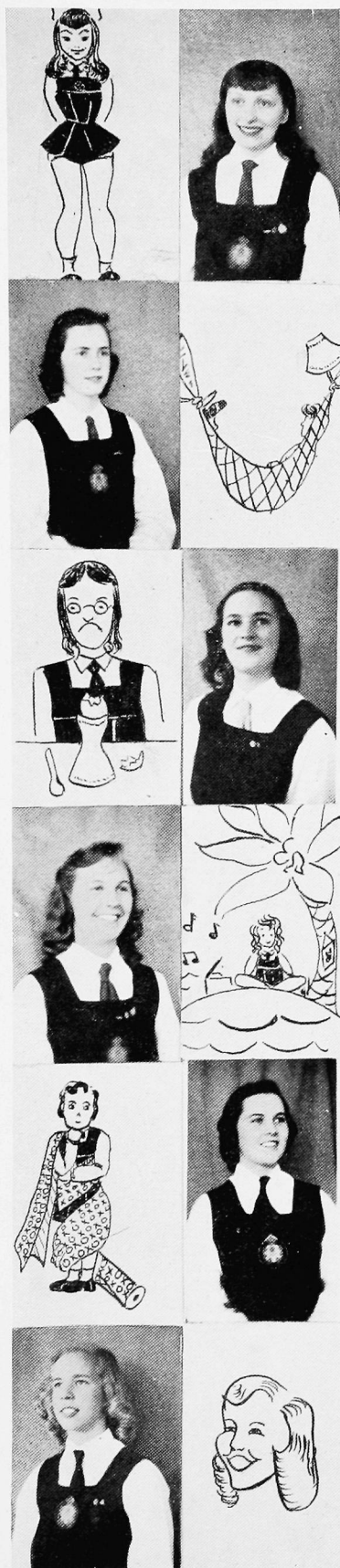
Rideau

"Listen, you may be allowed

To hear my laughter from a cloud"

"C" Ski Test; Form, House, School Soccer '48; Form, House Basketball '47, '48; Music Club '48; Photography Club '47; Form, House Volleyball '47; Magazine Sports Editor '48; Semi-Finals Singles Badminton '48.

Squeak? get down from your chair—it's not a mouse, it's 'Ma' in hysterics as her last bottle of Peroxide crashes to the floor.





MARY LOU FRANKLIN  
Kingston, Ontario.

1944-1948  
Montcalm

"Who invented work?"

Music Club; Glee Club; Form, House, School Soccer '47, '48; Form, House Basketball '47, '48; Volleyball '47; Ski Team '48, "C" & "B" Ski Tests.

"Home, home on the range,

Where the lambs and the short-horns play."

Oh, here comes Mary Lou wrapped up in a lassoo.



BETTY GIBBS  
Shawinigan Falls, Que.

1945-1948  
Rideau

"Heaven's help is better than early rising"

Photography Club '47; Music Club '48; House, Form Volleyball '47; Form Soccer '47, '48; House Soccer '48; Basketball '47.

"What is the matter with Betty Jane?

She hasn't an ache and she hasn't a pain,

And its LOVELY fish, for dinner again

What is the matter with Betty Jane?



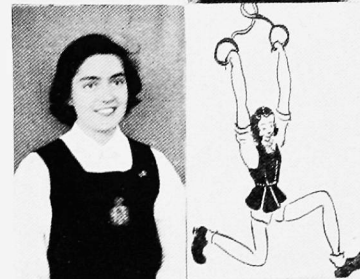
ANN HENDRY  
Toronto, Ontario.

1946-1948  
Montcalm

"A wink is as good as a nod to the wise"

Music Club '48; Glee Club '47; Form Volleyball '47, '48; House Volleyball '47, '48

Guess who is smothered under that magazine? Poor Andy is weeping over the latest tear-jerker tragedy in the movie world.



ANNE JONKLAAS  
Long Island, N.Y.

1945-1948  
MacDonald

"Divinely tall"

"C" Ski Test; House, Form Soccer '48; House Soccer '47; Form, House Volleyball '47; Literary Club '48; Music Club '48; Photography Club '47; Glee Club '47; Magazine Committee '48; House, Form Basketball '48.

Anne, Anne from Babylon,

Of sanity is a paragon

Though she can leap and sing and dance

Or do a somersault perchance,

She really has some common sanse.



JANE MACLAREN  
Town of Mount Royal, Que.

1944-1948  
Rideau

"Im just as big for me, said she

"As you are big for you"

Form, House Volleyball '47; Photography Club '47; Music Club '48.

Extra! Extra! Another feline atrocity. Chee Wee, the terror of the school, with Ho-ho under one arm and He-he under the other. Who-who is she going to scare this time?



JANE MATHER  
Montreal, Que.

1946-1948  
Rideau

"Her grey eyes sought the west afar"

Choir '47, '48; Glee Club '47; "C" Ski Test '48; Literary Club '48; Music Club '48; House Soccer '47; House Volleyball '47; Form Basketball '47.

Eek! Don't be alarmed! Jane hasn't really had her legs amputated—she's sitting cross-legged on her chair. And that cry isn't one of pain—its just her way of laughing.





ALISON MOREIRA 1945-1948  
St. John's, Newfoundland. Montcalm

"There is no great genius without some touch of madness"

Music Club '48; Photography Club '47; Magazine Committee '48; House Basketball '48; House, Form, School Soccer '47, '48; House, Form Volleyball '47.

As proud holder of last year's title "Miss Canadian Winter" Alison has now turned her talents to the academic field, but oh, how she loves to remain in bed!

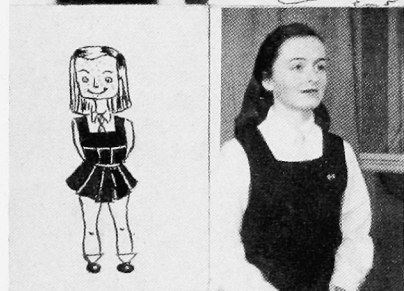


DAPHNE PANGMAN 1945-1948  
Montreal, Que. Rideau

"And none more gay than she"

Glee Club '47; Form Volleyball '47; Choir '47, '48; "C" Ski Test '48.

There once was a young girl called Daph,  
Whose songs could make anyone laugh  
She sang until dawn,  
Then she said with a yawn,  
I hope they weren't listening (the Staff)



NANCY PETRY 1946-1948  
Montreal, Que. MacDonald

"A still small voice spake unto me"

Music Club '47, '48; Literary Club '47, '48; House Soccer '47, '48; "C" Ski Test; Photography Club '46, '47; Form Volleyball '46, '47; Glee Club.

Place: Matric Latin Class—A meek little voice is heard from behind the post regardless of Miss MacLennan's wave for silence—"Please, what kind of an ablative is this?"

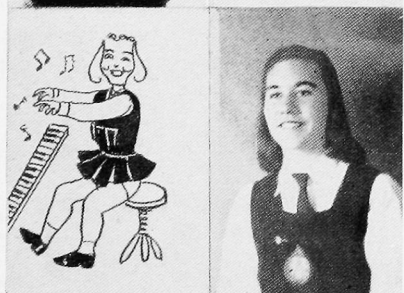


MARTHA RIDER 1942-1948  
Valleyfield, Que. Rideau

"I live in a crowd of jollity"

"C" Ski Test '47; Photography Club '47; Music Club '48; Form, House, School Basketball '47, '48; Form, House, School Soccer '47, '48; House, Form Volleyball '46; Magazine Committee '48.

A cloud of dust, as the ball roars through the air to make a perfect goal. Too bad Martha couldn't be on the sidelines as well, to photograph her spectacular kick.



PAM SMITH 1945-1948  
Montreal, Que. Montcalm

"There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight."

Choir '48; Form Volleyball '47; "B" & "C" Ski Tests '47; Ski Team '48; Glee Club '47.

There was a young gal called Pam,  
Who said frankly, I know I'm a ham  
I can't possibly pass,  
What's the point of this class?"  
So she threw down her books with a slam!



NORAH STRATFORD 1945-1948  
Sarnia, Ont. Rideau

"By the work, one knows the workman"

"C" Ski Test '48; Music Club '48; Literary Club '48; House, Form, School Soccer '47, '48; House, School, Form Basketball '47, '48; House, Form Volleyball '47; Glee Club '47; Library Committee '48; Editor Magazine '48.

We have often wondered how Nonie manages to reach prep without spilling a drop of the hand cream she has been carrying in her palm. Maybe she will be a little jarred, however, when she sees the huge pile of contributions on her desk just waiting to be tackled.



BYRNE WHEELER  
St. Jovite, Que.

1946-1948  
MacDonald

"No question is ever settled until it is settled right"

Glee Club '47; Photography Club '47; Literary Club '48;  
Music Club '48; House Soccer '48; "B" & "C" Ski Tests '48;  
Ski Team '48; Volleyball '47.

"Miss Morris, if the second term of the Quadruple Alliance had been applied to the Triple Alliance as opposed to the Triple Entente would the Holy Alliance still be holy?"

## Seniors



ROSEMARY KELLEY  
Compton, Que.

"Sleep, the universal vanquisher"

It's a bird! it's a helicopter, no! it's Rosie on the Rectory Roof. She's just reading the latest book on "Music's Effect on the Appetite".



KATHERINE PATERSON  
Montreal, Que.

Rideau

"I have hardly ever known a mathematician who was capable of reasoning"  
New York Times  
August 7th, 1955.

A reception was held today at the Waldorf Astoria in honour of the season's most distinguished author and critic. She has been hinted a possible Pulitzer prize winner.

## Domestic Science



MERIEL MACLEAN  
Montreal, Que.

1946-1948  
MacDonald

"Fashioned so slenderly"

Form, House Volleyball '47; "C" & "B" Ski Tests; Dramatics; House Soccer; Ski Team '48; Music Club '48; Domestic Science '46, '48.

Position Wanted—Attractive skilled cook—general wants position in apartment.

## Matric Prophecy

Stop the presses! Chee-Wee, head reporter on the renowned "Daily Piccolo" has just rushed in with the latest headline.

"Last member graduates of Compton's record matric class of '48."

Co-editors Stratford and Mather gasp! MacLaren's at it again! and Martha rushes out to get pictures of the white-haired scholar!

Fortunately the rest of the paper is ready to go to press. Let us turn to the front page, which the type-setter has almost assembled.

Our sports' editor, Jill Price, reports that Switzerland has just been shaken by that record-breaking skiing duo—Wheeler and Franklin.

In the science column, Janie, our science editor, is reporting on a startling new discovery; a new species of winged fish which tastes like chicken. The discoverer, Betty Gibbs, has spent several years of her life in a diving suit in the South Pacific. Another scientific invention of a combination alarm clock-coffee percolator has just reached the general public—apparently it was invented for the benefit of the great scholar, Ann Pitt, E.A.M.A. (Extremely Advanced Master of Arts.)

In the music and theatre section, Andy, our Hollywood reporter, has just brought news that Sally Dobell, the up-and-coming actress, is in town. Andy breathlessly stated that, in an interview, Sally confessed that she, herself, had designed and made the stunning outfit she was wearing. We also find that Benny and Marj. are busy rehearsing for a new musical comedy in New York.

Our music critic, Barbara Chambers, reports that there is considerable controversy in the music world over Pam Smith's latest recording of "Harpist's Boogie."

On the editorial page, we find that a rather strained international situation has arisen due to a misinterpretation on the part of the great Spanish interpreter, Anne C. Jonklaas. We are hoping that Ibby, known for her diplomacy in settling disputes, (the result of long experience), will iron out this complication. Our confidence is increased on the news that Cinders has just taken off for a good-will tour to Spain. Beside this editorial is a political cartoon on the situa-

tion in Newfoundland by the "Piccolo's" star cartoonist, Alison.

The sports' editor's secretary, Willie, has just run in with the news that "Sweet William" has won the Derby. The ancestor of this record-breaking horse was the illustrious "Billie," well-known to all horse-lovers of the Eastern Townships.

One of our contributors, Miriam, a nurse at the "Requiescat in Pace" hospital, has just dropped in with her latest poem on hospital life, and several stories about Judy who created a mild sensation by handing the Doctor an emery board instead of a scalpel during an operation. We hear also that Ma had to be moved from the psychopathic ward, where she was a night nurse, because her laugh had caused several relapses.

In the advertising column, our attention is attracted to a photograph of Miss Cushing's day-nursery for children from three to five. Miss Cushing is the originator of the new method of using Jazz to appease problem children (or to create them.) Also in the ads, we see a notice that Miss Nancy Petry has just incorporated "The Ideal Inferior Decorating Firm." Their motto is "Homely atmospheres which reflect your personality." The proof-reader, Beall, had better get to work correcting those typographical errors—(or are there any?)

In the book column we see that the sales of Daphne's new book on child psychology, "The Simple Creed of Childhood," have risen considerably.

Last of all we turn to "Marie's Confidential Column," where we find that she has had a busy week with many touching problems on her hands. One of which is a worried debutante, Jane Trenholme, who is wondering just how to set about inviting her escort to the St. Andrew's Ball. There follows a sympathetic letter—

"Dear Jane, I can see from your letter that your naiveté and inexperience arises from a disassociation from city life. In the life of a teen-age girl there is one golden rule which should always guide your actions.

"A rolling stone gathers no moss."

Confidentially as ever, Marie."

ALISON MOREIRA AND MIRIAM BAKER, Matric

# House Reports

## MacDONALD HOUSE REPORT

We would like to extend to the members of MacDonald, our sincerest thanks, for the wonderful co-operation, which has made this year so much fun, and such a success. We are proud to have been appointed to our respective positions, and have thoroughly enjoyed carrying out our duties.

On the whole, we have had a successful year, with our members entering enthusiastically, into both House and Form games. We are also pleased that MacDonald was represented on the School soccer teams when they played against Stanstead, and were especially fortunate in the badminton, with our members in both singles and doubles finals.

Although at times they have needed an occasional push, the girls have worked hard and faithfully for the shields, and we would like to thank the Juniors especially, for their wonderful contributions and enthusiastic work.

In closing, may we wish you all, and especially next year's Matrics, the very best of luck, and to you, as much happiness as we have had in our last year at Compton.

Good-bye to you all,—and good luck!

D. APPLETON, M. MACKEEN

## MONTCALM HOUSE REPORT

We wish to thank all those on Montcalm for their wonderful co-operation and help throughout this year. Your efforts have made our positions, as heads of Montcalm, most enjoyable and much easier.

All in all we have had a very successful year. For about the first time in the recent history of our House we have really improved our standing in House-marks, obtaining first place among the Houses more than once a term; the amazingly high plus totals of our juniors have made this possible.

Members of Montcalm were represented in House and Form teams of basketball, soccer, baseball, etc. and there were several members on the School soccer and ski teams, showing a very successful year on the whole in the field of sports.

Here's hoping that the future years hold for you as much fun, enthusiasm and success as '48 has. Many thanks again for making this such a memorable year for us. Good-bye and best of luck always.

A. PITT, L. VAUGHAN

## RIDEAU HOUSE REPORT

The past year has been a full one for Rideau. Members of the House have tried tennis, baseball, skiing, skating, swimming and soccer enthusiastically, in season. The House was well represented on the School soccer and ski teams, and many of the outstanding players on the various Form teams were Rideau girls.

As always the work shield has been our goal and the juniors have helped a great deal by frequently handing in high totals. The occasional house meetings were well received by the girls and we have been pleased by their co-operation.

We see good years ahead of you and know that in the future your Prefects will be as proud of you as we are. Thank you, Rideau, goodbye and good luck.

J. HARTMAN, W. BENSON



## School Calendar

Sept. 12	School Re-opened.	Feb. 6	Badminton Game - Prefects and Staff
Sept. 17	Governor General's Visit.	Feb. 11	Ski Meet with B.C.S.
Oct. 13	Tea Dance at B.C.S.	March 7	Junior Operetta
	Thanksgiving Week-end.	March 18	Lecture of South Africa—Mr. Hughes
Oct. 19	Horse Show	March 24	School Closed.
Oct. 31	Hallowe'en Supper	April 7	School Re-opened.
Nov. 1	Matric Entertainment.	April 9	Play "The Barrett's of Wimpole Street" by U.B.C.
Nov. 5	Stanstead Game.	April 18	Pianist—Dorothy Johnson.
Nov. 20	School Dance.	April 23-24	Science Exhibition at U.B.C.
Dec. 4-5	Play "Arsenic and Old Lace" at B.C.S.	May 1	Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Neville and Mr. Davidson
Dec. 14	Christmas Party	May 4	Miss Devolt.
Dec. 18	School Closed.	May 8	Confirmation Sunday.
Jan. 14	School Re-opened.	May 24	Week-end.
Jan. 18	English Duo.	June 8	School Closed.
Jan. 31	Châlet Dance at B.C.S.		
Feb. 1	Pianist—George Brough.		



## THE HORSE SHOW

Thanks to the kindness and generosity of the Eastern Townships Agricultural Association, all members of King's Hall were given free admission to the Sherbrooke Horse Show, on Sunday afternoon, October 19.

It was an excellent opportunity for many of us to see good horsemanship, as the classes included pony, roadster, jumping, hackney and hunter classes. Mrs. A. O. MacKay and Mr. R. L. Bishop, whose daughters attend the school, both had entered horses and both won events during the afternoon. They received a great deal of applause from one corner of the Arena at least. After a full afternoon of watching many different horses perform we piled back into the buses.

We want to thank the Eastern Townships Agricultural Association again for an afternoon that was enjoyed by all.

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## GEORGE BROUGH'S RECITAL

George Brough gave us a brilliant recital in the middle of the second term. He had just returned from a series of concerts in the Maritimes, and was on his way to the United States where he was to accompany the famous singer, Portia White.

Mr. Brough chose selections from Debussy, Beethoven and Chopin, as well as many others. Among those he played were Clair de Lune, Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata and Schubert's Impromptu in B flat major. April and Island Spell were among his more modern selections. He ended with a group of Chopin's melodies.

Mr. Brough was overwhelmed by applause for his magnificent playing. We shall always remember his recital.

## THE ENGLISH DUO

This year the English Duo, two well-known concert singers, Miss Morris and Miss Anderson, came again to entertain us. It was their seventh visit to the school and those of us who had heard them sing before looked forward to the event with great anticipation.

They sang for the most part, songs that we all knew. Among them were: "The Twelve Days of Christmas," and "The Sea Garden." The latter was sung at Miss Gillard's request and proved to be very popular.

When Miss Morris and Miss Anderson had sung all the songs on their programme they asked us if we had any requests. We had a great many, too many to be sung in a single evening. So after several more songs, and as many encores, they sang Brahms' "Lullaby" which was a lovely ending for a most enjoyable Sunday evening.

We hope that they enjoyed their week's visit with the school as much as we enjoyed having them with us.

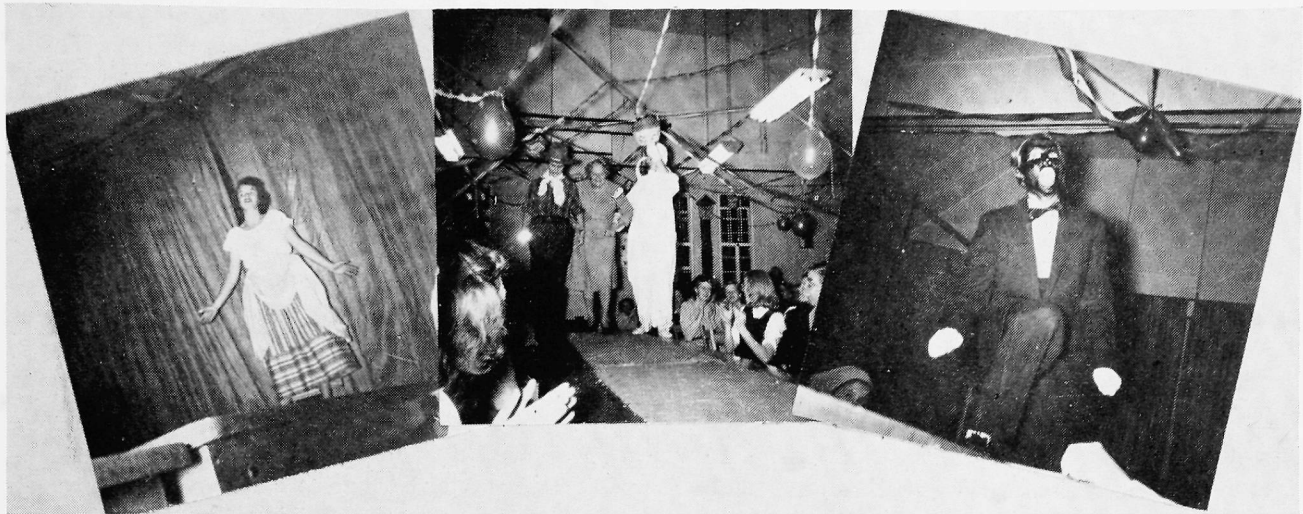
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## TEA DANCE

Thanksgiving week-end this year was a welcome break during the first term, and the annual tea dance held at B.C.S. was, as usual, a great success. It was held on a Monday afternoon, and Bishop's was in high spirits having beaten the Old Boys in their yearly football game. The Old Boys, although defeated, helped to make the afternoon a pleasant one.

From all accounts the food was delicious for—not mentioning any names—some girls managed to return to supper in the dining-room more than twice!!

Everyone was disappointed when told that it was the last dance and after Giz Gagnon's orchestra had played "God Save the King", we again climbed into buses for the trip back to school, realizing that we had enjoyed a very happy, though short, time at B.C.S.



### MATRIC ENTERTAINMENT

At last the night had come—the night which had been anticipated by weeks of practice!

The Prep Hall had been transformed! Multi-coloured streamers formed a ceiling, balloons bobbed and gay Chinese lanterns swung gently on ever-twisting streamers.

The costumes! Costumes of every possible kind, colour and description were to be seen—a blond ballerina in black tights, a Spaniard with bright, clinking jewellery, a cow girl, an oversized white rabbit and—joy of joys! a real balloon man.

The show opened with a triumphant march up a green runway to the stage. Balloons and confetti were showered over the audience, as the theme song of the evening, "Come to the Mardi Gras" was sung.

The master of ceremonies was a circus barker—complete with a feathered felt hat, a kerchief about his neck and a cheap cigar in his mouth.

Marjorie at a special request sang "Summertime" and Benny "A Tango of Roses." Their voices were lovely.

Was that really Jolson? (You were very convincing in **that tux**, Ann) At intervals through "Mammy," when our Jolson was on her knees, Mr. Pitt was distinctly heard to moan—"Oh! my new tux!"

It would be impossible to mention everybody, but the girls who especially deserve praise are the stage hands, the backbone of the show.

The climax was the crowning of the Mardi Gras queen. Miss Gillard looked very regal

with a gold crown and a bouquet of red roses, as lovely and gracious a queen as you would ever hope to see.

### A CHÂLET DANCE AT B.C.S.

There was a sound of revelry by night  
And Bishop's Châlet Lodge had gathered there  
The beauty and the chivalry, and dim  
The lamp shone o'er fair faces and young men.  
Some thirty hearts beat happily, and when  
Music arose with its most raucous swell  
All went merrily, all went well,  
But hush, hark, a deep sound strikes like a  
rising knell.

Did you not hear it? No, 'twas but the wind,  
Or sound of falling camera on the floor.  
On with the dance, let joy be unconfined.  
No sleep 'till one, that's only two hours more  
To chase away the hours to Harry James' roar—  
But hark that heavy sound breaks in once more,  
As the "Prep" surge in, our coats piled up by  
scores.

Food—food—it is—it is—a mad rush for the  
door.

Ah, then and there was hurrying to and fro  
Grasping of scarves and wild words of distress.  
Donning of coats o'er dresses bright and gay  
We headed for Bishop's three hundred yards  
away.

There baked Alaskas gleamed in snowy white  
array

And blushed at the praise of their own loveliness.  
With the hot coffee our spirits were revived,  
Then, alas, all too soon, the buses arrived.



## ARSENIC AND OLD LACE

Toward the end of the Christmas term B.C.S. put on the well known comedy "Arsenic and Old Lace", which proved to be one of the high-lights of the year.

Jim Hugessen and Michael Davis played the parts of the two old ladies who were so proud of their cellar full of corpses. They were excellent and their naivety most amusing.

Paul Almond played Mortimer Brewster, the long suffering nephew of the two old ladies. He acted extremely well and was well-suited to the part.

Some people seem to have all the luck. Ann Pitt with her excellent performance as Elaine, Mortimer's fiancée, broke a Bishop's record by playing the only girl in the cast. The try-outs for the part were held at King's Hall, and several girls competed. Ann wishes to express her sincere thanks to Mr. Evans for his invaluable guidance and interest and to B.C.S. itself for its friendly hospitality at the rehearsals.

Other performers in the cast who were excellent were Don Faerman as Jonathan Brewster, George Furse as Teddy "Roosevelt" Brewster and Peter Oaks who was Doctor Einstein.

The scenery was as good as the cast and created a wonderful atmosphere for the two old ladies and their "deeds of kindness".

We went over to B.C.S. expecting to see a very good performance, but the marvelous acting of the boys quite overwhelmed us, and we are looking forward to the plays which we hope that B.C.S. will produce during the coming years.

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## THE JUNIOR OPERETTA

On March 7th, 1948, the girls of the Junior Cottage put on an operetta which was a great success. This operetta, in the form of a concert, was attended by the whole school. It was entitled "What is the matter with Sally?"

Sally, the leading character was Sheila Grier. She portrayed a haughty little girl who looked down on her poorer companions, but who finally reformed with the help of her understanding mistress, played by Ann Shields.

Another outstanding feature was a duet sung by Janet Henderson and Angela Percy. There was also a recitation in French by Francine Leconte, and many other items all very well done.

Music was supplied by Miss MacDonald at the piano, and the evening proved to be a great success for the Juniors.

—o—

## THE HARPIST

Miss De Volt and her harp came to most of us as a welcome surprise one Wednesday evening. The night before she had played with the Sherbrooke Symphony Orchestra and received a tremendous ovation from the audience there. And so we were extremely pleased to have her with us.

Her instrument was both lovely to look at and to listen to. Miss De Volt told us various interesting facts in the history of the harp, and also explained the fundamental mechanism of the instrument. Among her selections was the ever popular Brahms's Lullaby; a beautiful composition written by Handel for the harp; and several folk tunes that have been handed down through the ages.

After the concert was over, and following several encores, Miss De Volt graciously answered our many and varied questions. We wish to thank her most sincerely for a most enjoyable evening.

—o—

## DOROTHY JOHNSON'S RECITAL

We were very pleased to welcome Dorothy Johnson, a gifted young pianist, on her second visit to King's Hall. Miss Johnson, who grew up in nearby Coaticook, is teaching and studying at the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Her programme included some old favourites and several unfamiliar compositions which she interpreted with great feeling and brilliant technique. The evening was most enjoyable and we wish Miss Johnson every success in her musical career.

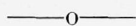


## THE BARRETT'S OF WIMPOLE STREET

The Bishop's University Dramatic Society produced "The Barrett's of Wimpole Street" on April 8th, and 9th, 1948.

The play concerns the life and career of the so-called invalid Elizabeth Barrett. She falls in love and elopes with Robert Browning, who opens up a new world for her. The leading roles were taken by Margot Mitchell as Elizabeth, J. D. Tiller as Browning, and R. Jervis-Reed as Edward Barrett, the stern father. All of the smaller characters supported the leads extremely well. Credit should be given, especially, to Marion Burt, for her excellent portrayal of Wilson, Elizabeth's maid.

The play was acted in the B.C.S. auditorium and the house was filled both nights. The familiar love story of the two poets was a great success. The senior girls who were able to go enjoyed the performance very much.



## DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASS 1948

This year our class gained three members and lost one. In September Joan MacKay, Joy Paton, and Phyllis Hyman joined us. We were sorry to see Phyllis Hyman leave at end of first term.

This year has been quite eventful. During the Christmas Term we gave a form tea, and served dinners to Miss Gillard and the mistresses, each of us taking a turn at being hostess, cook and maid.

The Easter Term saw the annual Staff Dinner bloom forth into an Italian Restaurant with Geno's specialties being served.

We would like to take this opportunity to thank the girls who helped behind the scenes, with the decorations and the dishes....!

This Summer Term we gave a graduation garden party in honour of Meriel who is leaving this year after completing her course.

Also this year we bid farewell to Miss Savary, who is planning to teach in Japan. We all wish her the best of luck. Her patience and interest have made our work most enjoyable.

MERIEL MACLEAN, JOY PATON, JOAN MACKAY.

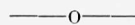
## A LECTURE ON AFRICA

An African missionary, Mr. Hughes, gave a most interesting lecture to the school on March 18, about his daily life in the bush.

He told us about his exciting jungle experiences during his travels through Africa and showed us the skins of several wild animals such as leopard, lion, a kind of deer, and wildcat. What fascinated us most however, was a huge skin of the python snake about twenty-three feet long, and a square foot of hippo skin which was as heavy as lead. We were also interested by his discussion of witchcraft and its hold over the people.

After the lecture was over he answered our questions enthusiastically and passed around some exquisite native wood carvings.

We all enjoyed the lecture very much and were sorry that it had to end so soon.



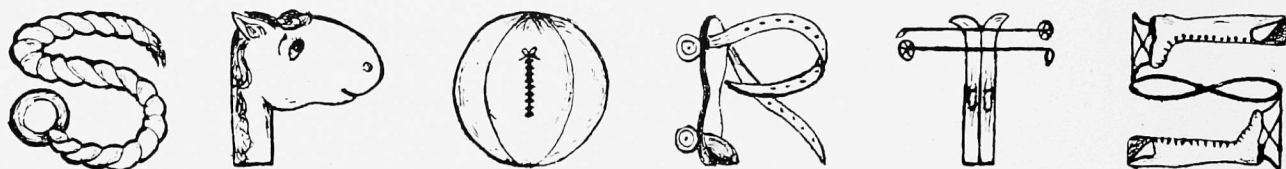
## THIS YEAR'S CLUBS

This year there have been several new clubs formed for the Matrics and VI A's, which we have found very interesting.

The Literary Club, which meets every Monday evening, was organized by Miss Simpson and Kate Paterson for the Matrics and several VI A's. Each week a different author or poet is discussed and selections read aloud.

Along the same line is the Music Club which Rosemary Kelley organized, and which also meets once a week, on Thursday. Each week Miss Vaughan discusses a musician starting with the earliest of the composers. Selections are often sung or played.

Miss Morris started a Current Events Club which meets on Wednesday for Matrics and VI A's. Each topic of interest in world affairs is presented, questions are asked and opinions are expressed. For Current Events also, the Matrics read important news of the week in the form of a summary on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays after lunch.



J. H

The Sports this year have been exceptionally good, we were very fortunate in having a long and successful soccer season. There were two games in the Fall with Stanstead College.

This winter brought a great many more B & C class skiers. There were several trips to Hillcrest for the B's.

Everyone was enthusiastic about the badminton and there were many more entries than usual. MacDonald and Rideau were in the singles finals and three Houses were represented in the doubles.

We did not play as much basketball this year, but there still was the strong competition in the Form and House games.

The tennis this year has been greatly improved as we were lucky in having our courts resurfaced. But because of so much sickness we were unable to have a tournament.

The Season has been varied with the introduction of Miss Hammer's Danish games.

I would like to join with the school in thanking Miss Hammer and Miss Keyser for all the help they have given us in the Sports field, throughout the year.

MARIE STRATHY,  
(Sports Captain)

—o—

## BASKETBALL

This year was a very successful basketball season. There were many exciting games, with more competition for the seniors than was expected.

Matric had a hard fight to win against VI A giving it first place. The VI B team to everyone's amazement beat VI A by a high score, making them second. V A played some very good games considering it was their first year.

The House games were played at the end of the term. Rideau won all its games with a high score. Montcalm beat MacDonald giving it second place.

Due to lack of time we could not play our annual game with Stanstead. This was a disappointment but otherwise it was a good basketball season.

—o—

## HILLCREST

On the second Friday of the winter term, twelve girls who had passed their "B" Ski tests went over to Hillcrest to spend a delightful afternoon, skiing. It was quite cold but the conditions were very good. After we were completely tired out we went into the Inn and had sandwiches and tea or coffee. We all enjoyed our afternoon immensely.

On February 11th, a team of ten, chosen from those having their "B" tests, raced in downhill and slalom against a team of equal number from Bishop's. The downhill was on "21" trail and the slalom on Schiller's Slip. We were beaten, but it was so much fun we did not mind.



## RIDEAU BASKETBALL

Standing: N. STRATFORD, J. HARTMAN, C. ROBERTS, W. OGILVIE, M. RIDER.

Kneeling: M. FORSTER, J. PRICE, B. L. VAN BUSKIRK, B. GIBBS.



## MONTCALM BASKETBALL

Standing: A. MORIERA, M. F. TREMAIN, J. CUSHING.

Kneeling: J. FOSTER, L. GILL, J. PATON, A. PITT.

Sitting: M. L. FRANKLIN, C. HANDS, M. HOPE.



## MACDONALD BASKETBALL

Standing: B. CHAMBERS, C. MACKEEN, A. JONKLAAS.

Kneeling: J. WILLIAMS, S. VINEBERG.

Sitting: K. EVANS, J. MORTON, A. SMITH.



## RIDEAU SOCCER

Standing: N. STRATFORD, J. HARTMAN, M. FORSTER, B. GIBBS, P. A. LINDSAY, M. RIDER.

Kneeling: J. PRICE, D. KINGSMILL, G. GREENING, K. PATERSON, H. HASLAM.



## MACDONALD SOCCER

Standing: E. GOELET, C. MACKEEN, B. CHAMBERS, M. MACKEEN, M. MACLEAN, A. JONKLAAS.

Kneeling: S. VINEBERG, N. PETRY, K. EVANS, J. MORTON, A. SMITH.

## MONTCALM SOCCER

Standing: D. A. ARNOLD, J. PARTRIDGE, M. BAKER, A. MORIERA.

Kneeling: J. AITKEN, J. PATON, J. LINDSEY, J. FOSTER, A. PITT.

Sitting: L. GILL, M. L. FRANKLIN, C. HANDS, M. HOPE.

## THE SOCCER

This year the soccer season was a very long and successful one.

The first games we played were the Form games, which were all very exciting. The VI A was a very strong and enthusiastic team, but the Matrics won the Form games with VI A second and the VI B and V A.

The House games were played very soon afterwards, with all the teams working very hard for the Sports Shield. Rideau came out on top, with MacDonald second and Montcalm third.

After a great deal of practicing each afternoon Miss Keyzer chose two School teams, one Junior and one Senior.

Early in November we played Stanstead. The first game was at Stanstead. The Junior team won, 6-0, and the Senior team lost, 2-0, one of our girls scoring a goal for the opposite team. After the games we were all entertained very nicely by the Stanstead team.

The next week Stanstead came to Compton. Our Senior team won, 4-2, and our Junior team was also victorious — 4-0.

The close of the soccer season was to have been a game, Compton's First Soccer Team vs. Bishop's First Rugby Team. But due to an early snowfall it had to be postponed!

## BADMINTON

This year many of the girls took part in the badminton tournaments. Enthusiasm was shown by all. Everyone looked forward to the finals.

The first rainy day the gym was crowded to watch the finals of both singles and doubles. The competitors in the singles were Barbara Chambers and Jill Price. After a fast but close game Barbara Chambers won with a score of 15-10, MacDonald defeating Rideau.

The doubles were played by Joan Williams and Cynthia Hands against Martha Rider and Judy Lindsey. Joan and Cynthia were finally victorious winning the first two games with scores of 15-8, and 15-10. Joan won for MacDonald, and Cynthia for Montcalm.

The badminton season was successful and we hope that there will be more entries for the tournament next year.

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## SKIING

This year the skiing season has been a long and enjoyable one. Many happy days were spent on the ski hill and several visits were made to French Street, supervised by Miss Keyzer and Miss Morris.

A skiing instructress from Sherbrooke spent a week at the school, teaching the various classes slaloms, turns, jumps and cross-country skiing.

Miss Keyzer was kept very busy giving tests this year and the girls were very successful as shown by the list below.

Although there has not been much snow, the girls have taken every opportunity to ski and we all hope that next year will be as enjoyable.

## "C" TESTS

BAKER, M.	OGILVIE, W.
BROOKFIELD, L.	OSLER, P.
CHAMBERS, B.	PERCY, A.
FORSTER, M.	PETRY, N.
FOSTER, J.	POLLOCK, N.
GOELET, E.	RILEY, N.
GILL, L.	SCOTT, S.
HANDS, C.	SMITH, D.
HUTCHISON, M. J.	STRATFORD, N.
JONKLAAS, A.	TEAKLE, S.
LINDSAY, P. A.	TREMAIN, M. F.
MACKEEN, M.	VAUGHAN, L.
MACKEEN, C.	VINEBERG, S.
MATHER, J.	WANKLYN, P.
MCEACHRAN, S.	WILLIAMS, T.
MEYER, V.	

## "B" TESTS

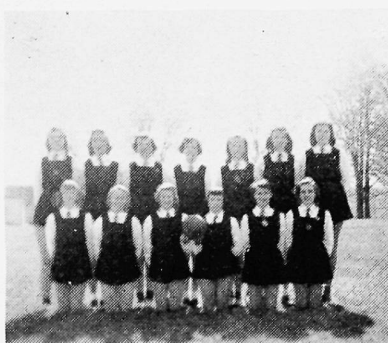
BEALL, B.	PITT, A.
DOBELL, S.	PRICE, J.
FRANKLIN, M. L.	RUSSELL, A.
KELLEY, R.	SMITH, P.
KINGSMILL, D.	STRATHY, M.
KRUGER, J.	WHEELER, B.
MACLEAN, M.	





SKI TEAM

Back Row: P. SMITH, E. GOELET, M. MACLEAN.  
 Middle Row: B. WHEELER, D. KINGSMILL, A. RUSSELL.  
 Front Row: M. L. FRANKLIN, J. PRICE, S. DOBELL.



JUNIOR SOCCER

Standing: E. GOELET, J. AITKEN, M. J. HUTCHISON, M. FORSTER, M. WONG, C. MACKEEN.  
 Kneeling: A. RUSSELL, C. HANDS, K. EVANS, D. KINGSMILL, J. FOSTER.

SENIOR SOCCER TEAM

Standing: N. STRATFORD, J. HARTMAN, B. CHAMBERS, P. WANKLYN, A. PITT, A. LINDSAY, M. RIDER.  
 Kneeling: H. HASLAM, M. HOPE, J. PRICE, G. GREENING, M. L. FRANKLIN, M. STRATHY.



MATRIC BASKETBALL

Standing: M. RIDER, B. CHAMBERS, A. MORIERA, B. GIBBS, J. CUSHING, N. HARTMAN, N. STRATFORD.  
 Kneeling: M. FORSTER, J. AITKEN, M. L. FRANKLIN, J. PRICE, J. WILLIAMS, M. STRATHY, A. PITT.



MATRIC SOCCER

Standing: M. RIDER, J. HARTMAN, B. CHAMBERS, M. BAKER, A. MORIERA, A. JONKLAAS, N. STRATFORD.  
 Kneeling: B. GIBBS, M. STRATHY, M. L. FRANKLIN, J. PRICE, J. AITKEN, M. FORSTER, A. PITT.



## VI A BASKETBALL

Standing: C. MacKEEN, M. J. HUTCHISON, C. ROBERTS.  
Kneeling: J. LINDSEY, M. HOPE, J. PATON.



## VI A SOCCER

Standing: A. LINDSAY, J. FOSTER, P. WANKLYN, C. MacKEEN.  
Kneeling: H. HASLAM, J. PATON, A. RUSSELL, M. J. HUTCHISON.  
Sitting: D. KINGSMILL, G. GREENING, M. HOPE.



## VI B BASKETBALL

Kneeling: S. HARVEY, W. OGILVIE, M. F. TREMAIN.  
Sitting: A. SMITH, C. HANDS, B. L. VAN BUSKIRK.



## VI B SOCCER

Standing: W. OGILVIE, P. SEAGRAM, M. F. TREMAIN, D. A. ARNOLD.  
Kneeling: J. GORDON, B. L. VAN BUSKIRK, C. OAKS, S. TEAKLE.  
Sitting: A. SMITH, K. EVANS, C. HANDS.



### V A BASKETBALL

Standing: E. GOELET, S. THORPE, S. SHARWOOD, S. VINEBERG.

Kneeling: E. GORDON, J. MORTON, D. SMITH, M. MITCHELL.



### V A SOCCER

Standing: S. SCOTT, V. ROSS, S. THORPE, E. GORDON, S. SHARWOOD, S. VINEBERG, E. GOELET.

Kneeling: M. MITCHELL, J. MORTON, D. SMITH, C. FAULKNER, J. DONALD.



### MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

Standing: A. MORIERA, J. MACKEY, M. RIDER, N. STRATFORD, (Editor); L. BALLANTYNE, A. JONKLAAS, M. BAKER.

Kneeling: P. WANKLYN, M. MACKEEN, N. PETRY, A. HODGINS, M. FORSTER, A. PITT.

## AN IMAGINARY ASCENSION TO HEAVEN

Ivan lay on the low, narrow bed, thinking, and as he thought he became more accustomed to the fact that he was dying. The room in which he lay was badly lighted, with only two fast-waning candles which flickered and cast weird shadows on the wall. There were a few drab pieces of furniture, a wicker chair, a chest of drawers and a low bedside table badly in need of repair.

"Ah well!" he sighed. "It has been a good life, and it's about time that I should leave this world. I wonder what it is going to be like, going up to heaven."

As these thoughts were turning over in his mind, Ivan was slowly feeling sleepier and sleepier, until he suddenly fell asleep....

When he awoke, he found himself floating up from the bed, and upon looking down, he saw his body lying there, as if asleep.

"I suppose that this must be my soul," he said to himself. "Oh, Oh, I'm going to bump my head on the ceiling!" He waited for the collision, but it did not come; he seemed to be going through the roof as though nothing were there at all. As he floated upward, he looked about him and saw his little house becoming smaller and smaller. The night was dark, and there were many stars twinkling in the sky. Gradually, as he continued on his journey, the trees and the signs of civilization disappeared. The earth was becoming smaller and smaller, until all he could see was a tiny ball, spinning round and round in the black night.

"Why, I didn't think that there would be so many stars in the sky," he said. "Look, there's the Little Dipper and Orion's Belt."

Up, up, up he went, through the stratosphere. Here and there were other little earths spinning dizzily, surrounded by little clusters of stars. Sometimes he went through vast dark patches of sky where there were no stars at all, and then, sometimes there were so many lights that he was forced to squint against the brightness. As he looked up, he saw that he was approaching the moon.

"My goodness!" he exclaimed. "I have come at just the right time, the moon is completely full."

"Of course I'm full!" cried a low, mellow voice. "I'm always full, it's just that you mortals on earth only see part of me, and you think that that is all there is."

"Oh, I'm sorry if I have offended you, you see I didn't know...."

"That's quite alright, I know you couldn't help it. Well, goodbye. I hope I will see you again sometime."

"So do I," said Ivan with great conviction, and he continued on up through the universe.

Suddenly he stopped at the foot of what seemed to be a stairway of stars, and he thought, "This must be the Milky Way, I wonder if I am expected to climb it."

"Yes, you are, but it really isn't a bad climb. Think what is at the top. Oh dear...." the mourning voice sighed, "I wish I could go with you."

"Well, why don't you?" asked Ivan. "I should be glad to have your company."

"Mercy no, I couldn't. You see stars always have to stay in the sky. They are never allowed to go to Heaven."

"I'm very sorry for you," sympathized Ivan, "but I suppose it can't be helped. Well, goodbye. Maybe I will see you again sometime." and he began to climb the star stairway. He found that it wasn't at all tiring, but considerably slower than floating. He climbed on, up and up, sometimes stopping to talk to a star. Once he tried to touch one, but he was sorry he had tried, for it was very hot. "I wonder when I shall reach the top?" he mused, as he saw the seemingly endless row of stars before him.

"Ah, I think I see something very tall and shiny far ahead, and listen! I hear music, and it's getting louder. Why, I believe that I am getting near to the gates of Heaven!" And so he was, for as he climbed on, up the Milky Way, he perceived Peter, the guardian of the gates, waiting for him. By this time the music was



so loud and beautiful that Ivan could have listened to it forever. As he stepped off the last stair, Peter cried, "Well, if it isn't Ivan! He has been waiting for you for about five years! It's about time you came! Oh well, you're here now and that is all that matters. How did you like the journey up?"

"Oh, it was fascinating!" cried Ivan.

"Hmm, all mortals seem to like it, but personally, I don't understand what they see that is so wonderful. What do they expect the universe to be like? Full of trees and flowers like the earth? Oh well, I suppose you must be tired, and want to rest and tidy yourself up a bit before seeing Him."

"Er...could you tell me who He is please? I don't seem to know about...Him."

"They all ask that," said Peter laughing a little smugly, "but you'll see!" and he produced

an immense gold key, and proceeded to unlock and open the gates.

"Well, here I am at last," thought Ivan as he followed Peter through the gateway. "I wonder what Heaven is going to be like and who He is."

"Stop wondering, you'll find out soon enough," snapped Peter.

"How did you know what I was thinking?" queried the amazed Ivan.

"We immortals," stated Peter importantly, "know everything that goes on in mortals' minds. Come along now, stop dawdling!"

"I wonder what my body is doing now on earth," thought Ivan.

"You are now being buried in the church yard behind your house; now please hurry up or you'll be late!" and he led the way through Heaven.

P. OSLER, VI A



## THE END OF THE WORLD

The sun filtered through the golden windows, casting symmetrical shadows on the emerald floor. In the very centre of the room stood a golden bath, filled from a singing fountain. The water in the bath was faintly scented with lilac and was coloured green to match the floor. In the bath sat the angel Gabriel, scrubbing his back with a long brush, and reading a murder story. It was a habit of his to read detective stories in the bath-tub, and he even devoted a whole room in his golden palace to a Pocket Book library.

Presently the door opened, and Gabriel dropped his brush with a splash. "How many times do I have to tell you I am not to be disturbed in my bath?" he roared. The cherub standing in the doorway advanced toward the bath, holding out a silver plate.

"You read it to me," Gabriel shouted.

"It's from Him," the cherub said in a high, piping voice, "and He says to get ready, because He is going to call an end to the world."

Gabriel groaned. "Tell St. Peter to come over immediately... and go and get my trumpet... oh yes, and bring some Silvo. I'll have to polish it." The cherub saluted and ran out of the room. Gabriel stepped out of his bath and went over to his desk. He opened a drawer and took out a silver briefcase and a music stand. Muttering under his breath, he set up the stand near the window and got back into his bath.

"What's up?" St. Peter asked, as Gabriel's footman took his halo at the door. "Why the rush?"

"I don't know," the cherub said, "but he seems very worried about something. He is in the bathroom now, polishing his trumpet, with his music strewn all over the floor."

"That can mean only one thing," St. Peter said. "The end of the world. What a nuisance!"

St. Peter opened the bathroom door and walked in without knocking. He detested knocking at doors... he heard enough of that during work hours.

"When will you learn...?" roared Gabriel from the floor where he sat, cross-legged, polishing his big brass trumpet, "Oh! Hello, Pete."

"End of the world?"

"Yes, an awful nuisance. I haven't blown this thing for nineteen hundred and forty-eight minutes, and I think I have forgotten how."

"What tune are you going to play?"

"Haven't decided yet. There is a pile of music over there. Take a look through it."

Peter picked up an armful of music and settled himself on the edge of the bath. He thumbed through the sheets for a minute, then held one up to the light.

"How about this?" he asked. Gabriel took the sheet and played a few notes on his trumpet.

"It's a little too soft, don't you think?"

"Yes, I suppose so," said Peter, as he put 'Stardust' back on the pile.

"Let's have a bite to eat," said Gabriel, ringing a silver bell. Presently the cherub appeared at the door with a golden tray. Behind him stood a dirty mortal.

"Who have we here?" asked Gabriel.

"A Mr. Smith," replied the cherub, pushing the man in before him.

"What does he want?"

"Please, sir," said Mr. Smith, "is it true that you are going to play your trumpet today?"

"How rumours fly!" laughed Gabriel. "Yes I'm going to play for you tonight. Mark," he said to the cherub, "get another meal for Mr. Smith." A few minutes later they were all seated around the table.

"What were you, down there?" Gabriel asked Mr. Smith.

"I was a musician, sir."

"With what band?"

"I didn't work with a band, sir. I used to blow for the races."

"Blow for the races?"

"He means horse races," said St. Peter.

"Oh, I see," Gabriel stroked his chin thoughtfully. "Perhaps you can help me with my problem," he said. "You see, Mr. Smith, I haven't blown my trumpet for nineteen hundred and forty-eight minutes, and I have almost forgotten how. Perhaps you could refresh my memory."

"Certainly, sir. I will do my best. What tune had you intended to play?"

"I hadn't quite decided."

(Continued on page 28)



VI A FORM

Standing: L. BALLANTYNE, S. FELLOWS, M. WONG, A. PANGMAN, P. OSLER, N. ROBERTSON, C. MACKEEN, J. MACKAY, A. LINDSAY.

Kneeling: C. ROBERTS, J. FOSTER, H. HASLAM, M. HUTCHISON, J. PATON, S. MACEachRON, N. WIGHT, P. WANKLYN, J. PARTRIDGE.

Sitting: J. LINDSEY, A. TRENHOLME, A. RUSSELL, D. KINGSMILL, G. GREENING, M. HOPE, C. SCOTT, A. HODGINS.



VI B FORM

Standing: S. HARVEY, W. OGILVIE, M. F. TREMAIN, P. SEAGRAM, P. GROUCHY, P. OVANS, J. WILSON, D. A. ARNOLD.

Kneeling: J. HARVEY, B. DAWES, S. TEAKLE, C. OAKS, D. MOLSON, J. GORDON, B. L. VAN BUSKIRK.

Sitting: N. POLLOCK, A. SMITH, S. WILSON, K. EVANS, C. HANDS, V. MEYER.



V A FORM

Standing: E. GOELET, M. BEAUBIEN, S. SCOTT, S. THORPE, N. MAAL, V. ROSS, K. HARVEY.

Kneeling: S. SHARWOOD, E. GORDON, C. FAULKNER, M. MITCHELL, J. DONALD, A. HENDERSON, S. VINEBERG.

Sitting: J. MORTON, J. JOB, B. BISHOP, B. MACINTOSH, D. SMITH, P. PASMORE.



JUNIORS

Standing: A. ENGLISH, J. BRIGGS, J. SHEARD, M. HARRIS, G. HEBDEN, A. THORNTON.

Kneeling: H. ALLEN, S. GORDON, L. WARD, A. PERCY, V. L. GARLAND, J. WOODS, A. HENDERSON.

Sitting: B. HYMAN, J. NORTHY, F. LECONTE, S. VICKERS, S. GRIER, S. WARD.

(Continued from page 26)

Peter rose and put down his table napkin. "If you will excuse me, Gabe, I had better go and polish up the gates."

"Certainly, certainly... Now, Mr. Smith, my music is all over there on the floor. Would you care to take a look at it?"

Four seconds later Gabriel sat relaxed in his bath. He had nearly finished his detective story and hadn't guessed the murderer yet. Suddenly the door burst open and St. Peter rushed into the room.

"For Earth's sake, Gabriel, get out of that bath. You have only thirty-eight seconds before the end of the world. All heaven is ready and waiting."

"No rush, Pete. No rush," said Gabriel, his eyes still glued on his book.

"Come on! This is no time to be funny. It's the end of the world. The end of the world!"

You have to play. Where is your trumpet? And your cloak? I'll get them while you're getting out of the bath."

"Steady, Peter. I'm not playing today. I have forgotten all the notes. Mr. Smith has both my trumpet and my cloak, and he is out there now."

"Mr. Smith?" Peter gasped. "Oh no, Gabe. How could you?... You can't... I mean..."

"You'd better run along and open the gates, Pete," said Gabriel. "There's the trumpet now."

"Oh, help!" exclaimed Peter, rushing out.

"Hey, Peter! You forgot your halo!" Then Gabriel relaxed and closed his eyes. When the strains of 'Great Day' had died away, he opened his Pocket Book and glanced at the last page. "I knew it!", he muttered, and a grin of satisfaction lighted his face.

P. WANKLYN, VI A



PREFECTS

Standing: L. VAUGHAN, W. BENSON, B. CHAMBERS, (Head Girl); A. PITT, J. HARTMAN.

Kneeling: M. MACKEEN, J. WILLIAMS, M. STRATHY, D. APPLETON.



DAUGHTERS AND GRANDDAUGHTERS  
OF OLD GIRLS.

### THE STAFF — PREFECTS BADMINTON GAME

The excitement was intense on the November evening when the Prefects joined the Staff in the Gym, the latter looking very smart in their slacks and shorts. Each team was made up of a member of the Staff and a Prefect and partners changed after each game. Each of us played three extremely energetic and amusing games, which made us suspect that the Staff had played before!! The games over, we filed down to the

Staff Room (legally) and seated ourselves in comfort, while the Staff served us sandwiches, mince pies and a choice of tea, coffee, or milk, which I need not add were enthusiastically devoured by all. Who said we were on diets?

The evening ended on this very pleasant note, and I only hope that the Staff enjoyed themselves half as much as we did. It was indeed a memorable occasion for us.

P.S.—We enjoyed it, too, even if we were stiff afterwards.

THE STAFF



## HOW THEY SCORED A GOAL FOR THE SCHOOL SOCCER TEAM

With apologies to Robert Browning  
(And to the goddess of Truth)

I ran for the kick-off, then, happy for us,  
Our half-backs were wary, and following close.  
"Good speed!" cried the goal, as our foes came  
quite near.

"Speed!" echoed the inner, her voice rather queer.  
Behind ran the half-backs—the full-backs did  
rest,

While forward the wing and I galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other, we kept the great pace,  
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing  
our place.

I aimed for the goal posts, and gave a hard kick,  
Retreated some paces, and tripped on a stick,  
Regained my position, ran forward again,  
And the ball started rolling fast up the wrong  
lane.

The inner groaned loudly, then to my dismay,  
Keeled over, lay still, and then said her last say.  
I kicked her aside, and then heard the quick  
wheeze

Of her breath, saw the limp hair and doubled-up  
knees,

And her white face, so still now, and laughed at  
the thought

Of how lucky I was not to share in her lot.

So we were left galloping, I and the ball,  
Past wing and past centre, past full-backs and  
all.

The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh—  
'Neath my feet broke the brittle bright stubble  
like chaff,

Till quite near the goal posts, I gave a great leap,  
And "Kick it!" gasped centre, "The goalie's  
asleep!"

Then I cast loose my sweater, my tunic let fall,  
Shook off both my gym-shoes, let go belt and all,  
And ran for the goal posts, stopped, waited a  
flash,

Kicked hard rather quickly, then fell with a  
crash.

Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise,  
bad or good,

Till at length through the goal the ball galloped  
and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round  
As I lay with my head 'twixt my ears on the  
ground;

And no voice but was praising that kick-off of  
mine

As I poured down my throat a large measure  
of wine

Which (the mistress yelled with unanimous call)  
Was no more than my due—I had goaled for  
King's Hall.

A. PANGMAN, VI A

—o—

## SPRING

Spring, according to the text books, is the first  
of the four seasons here on this earth. It is  
the time when days become longer, and nights  
shorter. The weather is warmer, because the  
earth is coming nearer to the sun.

But that really is not spring. Spring is a  
time to start doing, working, and making fresh  
starts. The cold dark winter is over and done  
with. There is now laughter and music in the air.

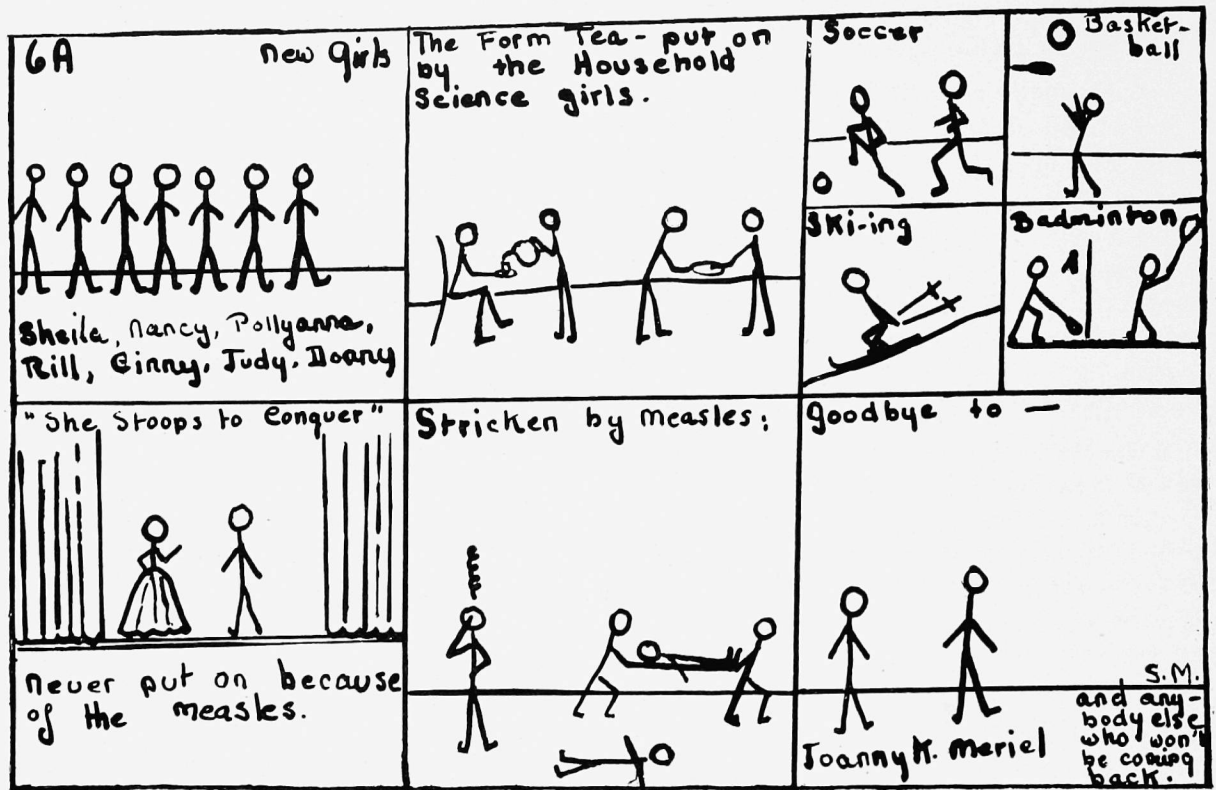
As you walk along a country road, it feels  
good just to be outside, and doing what you are  
doing. You notice the grass turning from an  
ugly brown to a bright, vivid green. The sky  
somehow seems bluer, and the clouds whiter.  
As you sweep a few leaves aside, you see tiny  
new buds and flowers, making their debuts to  
the world, after spending many months under-  
ground.

You hear the songs of the first birds of spring  
telling the world how happy **they** are to be  
alive, singing lustily, perched on the newly  
budding trees. You are suddenly conscious of  
sounds that you have not taken much notice  
of before. The river running under the bridge  
and down the field; the crickets, and all the  
small insects which can be most clearly heard  
at dusk and day-break; the sound of the farmer's  
plough, as he cultivates his fields; and then the  
wind, reassuring you that spring is really here.

When you return indoors, your unaccounta-  
ble happiness stays with you. You somehow  
have a cheery greeting for everyone you come  
in contact with, and they, in turn, have a similar  
greeting for you.

This is all part of spring, and it brings a  
happiness that can never be lost.

DOLLY ANN ARNOLD, VI B



### THE RAIN OF GOLD

"And the rain was upon the earth  
for forty days and forty nights"

Genesis 7: 12.

Once, during the course of my travels, I came to a little village on the coast of the Atlantic, called St. Boniface. St. Boniface was nestled among great, golden sand-dunes that rose above it on three sides. On the fourth side it faced the sea. I stayed in that little sand-bound village for a long time, and when I came to know and understand its people, they told me this story of the village.

Many years ago, when miracles happened more often than they do now, there was, on the Atlantic coast, a poverty-stricken village called St. Boniface. The hills and fields around the little village were not fertile, but bare and dreary. Since farming was a fruitless occupation, the people of St. Boniface turned to the sea for their living, but some evil force seemed to keep the herrings from the nets of the fishermen and the little village became poorer than ever.

On the out-skirts of the village there lived an old man and his wife. This man was a great man at heart and all his life he had wanted to do something for St. Boniface—something that would be talked of for years to come.

One day, the old man and his wife went into the village to buy their meagre supply of food. The old man met one of his cronies and they began to talk. As they talked, they were joined by others and the conversation turned to the penury of St. Boniface.

"I wish," said the old man after a while, "I wish that it would rain gold. If it did we could collect the golden drops until we had enough to buy good food and well-made clothes. We could paint the houses and pave the roads and buy new fishing boats." The old man laughed bitterly at the thought, and started home with his wife. The thought of a Rain of Gold haunted

him, however, and that night, when he knelt to pray, he prayed that a Rain of Gold, or some other miracle, might come to St. Boniface.

The following day dawned bright and clear. The fishing smacks set out on their useless voyage, and an air of unbroken peace settled over the village. Late in the afternoon a great cloud came up over the horizon. The fishing boats, seeing it, scurried for shelter. A cold wind blew in from the sea and turned the leaves of the saplings to silver. Then the rain came. The old man, who was sitting by his door mending nets, looked up as the first drops hit him. Then he gasped. The rain wasn't wet, it was dry; it wasn't transparent, it was a clear golden colour. It was raining gold. The old man dropped his nets and ran towards the village.

Everywhere there were pots and pans to catch each drop of the golden treasure. The villagers were mad with joy. The church was filled with awed worshippers. A great miracle had come to pass.

Everyone expected the Rain of Gold to stop very soon, but it didn't. By the fifth day of the precious rain the villagers stopped rejoicing. They were discovering that there can be too much of a good thing. The precious metal filled the street and covered the shore. It crept over the door-sills and into the houses. Golden drops were everywhere. On the tenth day people began to leave the village, but they did not go far. It is hard to walk through a sea of gold. The gold climbed higher and higher until it covered even the houses, but still it didn't stop. It rained gold for forty days and forty nights, then, suddenly, it ceased, but there was nobody left to rejoice over this. Everybody was dead or gone. St. Boniface was a mountain of gold. The only living thing left was the old man, who sat dejectedly on a heap of gold. Slowly he stood up and walked away.

When the old man finally reached a town nobody would believe his story, but one or two people went out to see the "miracle" for themselves. When they came to St. Boniface all they found were great, golden mounds of sand. But the hills around the sandy slopes were rich and fertile and the sea was filled with fish.

It has always seemed rather sad that the old man, who was so great at heart, could not have lived to see the new prosperous St. Boniface that grew up from the golden, sandy ruins of the old, but somehow I think that he knows of the new village and I think he knows that, far and wide, his name is still spoken in connection with the Miracle of the Rain of Gold.

SHEILA McEACHRAN, VI A

—o—

### NIGHT

How quickly night has crept on silent paws to  
capture the prey  
Which, waiting, shivering in an alley, has watched,  
standing alert;  
Then crouched in the shadow of a monument  
of destiny,  
Balancing death against timeless evil; pursuing  
its crooked way.  
The figure falls, face buried in the dirt.  
Night passes on, gathering in its hands the  
crumpled form of humanity.

A. RUSSELL, VI A

—o—

### THE SMILE

For then she smiled and said, "I'll see"  
And turning smiled again at me.  
Oh God! That smile, that face  
That petty reserve just in case  
Anything goes out of place,  
The downfall of the human race.

And when we know we're wrong do we  
Accept mistakes with courtesy?  
No—we smile, and laughing say,  
"Tomorrow is another day  
And not so very far away.  
I'll fix your troubles then,—now stay."

Why don't we ever see the truth  
With naked face, and heart aloof?  
Forget tomorrow 'll ever come,  
For what is done is always done.  
O Lord, there was only one  
Who dropped this mask,  
Your Son.

P. WANKLYN, VI A

## CARNIVAL IN TRINIDAD

In the "Trinidad Guardian" there is one item of great interest to many people. It reads "calypso tents are at last opened, and—." This is the first sign that Carnival is approaching. There is a noticeable increase in the number of shoppers, and as the people jostle each other in the great crowds, one senses the general air of festivity.

Then one day begins a certain familiar "tum—tum—tum!" It is the "steel-bands" which consists of garbage-bins (often stolen from backyards), bottles, spoons and pieces of wood drumming on tin. Surprisingly enough the tunes played by these are very good.

At last the day arrives, and in the early morning the fun-makers, playing "Old Mask" in their oldest rags, run about the street, and from house to house, ringing door-bells and waking up the occupants. But it is impossible to sleep when Carnival arrives, for the dogs bark, and the children scream as they see a "blue-devil" running down the street with a fork in his hand demanding money. He is covered with oil and blue paint, with a grotesque head-dress and a long tail. Then along comes the "robber" with a huge hat, skeletons marked all over him, blowing on a whistle, brandishing a gun, and demanding "Money, or your life!" They pass by, these natives, dressed in all types costumes, from rags to beautiful and elaborate creations of sateen, on which many weeks of patient labour have been spent. Everyone heads towards the town, where all the excitement is, and where all the crowds collect.

In the morning, you see natives dressed in old clothes and funny masks, jumping and keeping time to the bands, which parade with them through the streets, playing the unforgettable calypsoes. While you are standing, fascinated by their music, you are startled by a long, blood-curdling scream. There jumping

in front of you is a wild African, waving a long spear under your nose. You are rooted to the ground in fear, and then, as you return to your senses, you run away for dear life through streets crowded with men and women. There are large bands which ridicule officers, dress as school-girls, and have all the fun they can.

In the afternoons, the beautiful bands come out driven in lorries or dancing along the streets, to the "Oval" or savannah, where the judging takes place. Again the calypsoes are sung, confetti is thrown, and everyone is gay and happy, joining in the spirit of the days when "Trinidad goes mad."

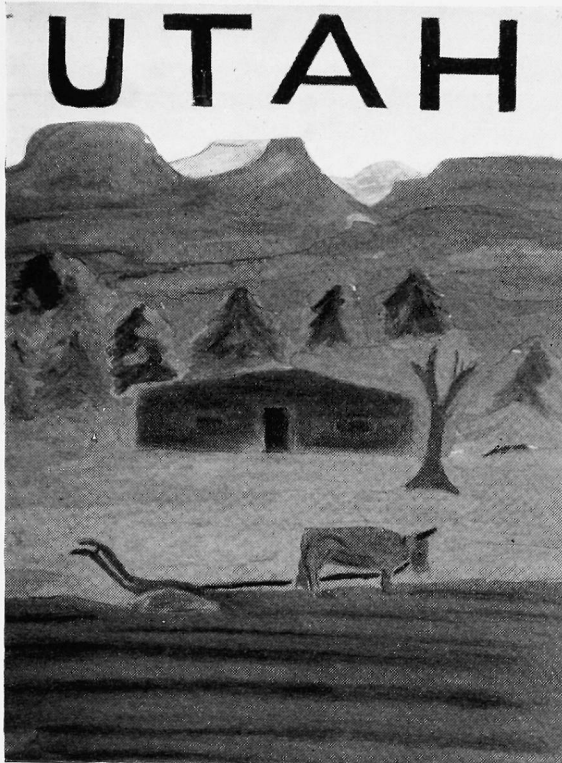
At night, there is the "Carnival Ball" where you see so many fantastic costumes that you sometimes wonder whether you are in the 20th century or back in the 18th or even 6th centuries. The judging of the bands and costumes is the climax and you could not imagine anything more beautiful or fascinating.

"Anna and the King of Siam" is portrayed by men, beating upon drums, and graceful slave girls swaying between them. Then Anna and her son walk by, followed by the king, seated in a chair of gold, repeating his favourite "Etcetera, etcetera." There are fishermen who throw out their nets, and bring in a collection of beautiful girl fishes, to a tune of the sea. The French Revolution, with Marie Antoinette on the way to the guillotine, is pictured so vividly that you almost imagine that you are seeing the real scenes.

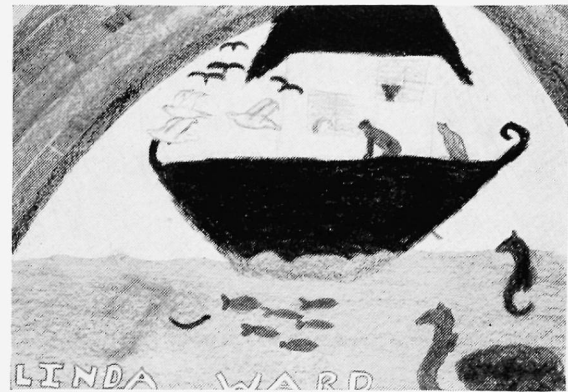
The judging is finished, the winners announced, and prizes awarded amid exultant shouts. Then the dance hall is cleared, and everyone goes wild, mingling in a riot of colour, until the next day dawns, and the reign of "King Carnival" is ended until another year.

MARILYN WONG, VI A

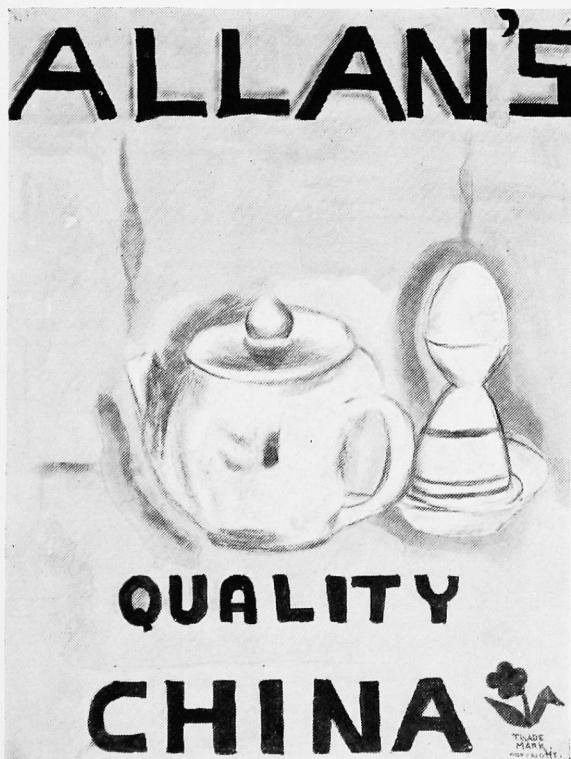




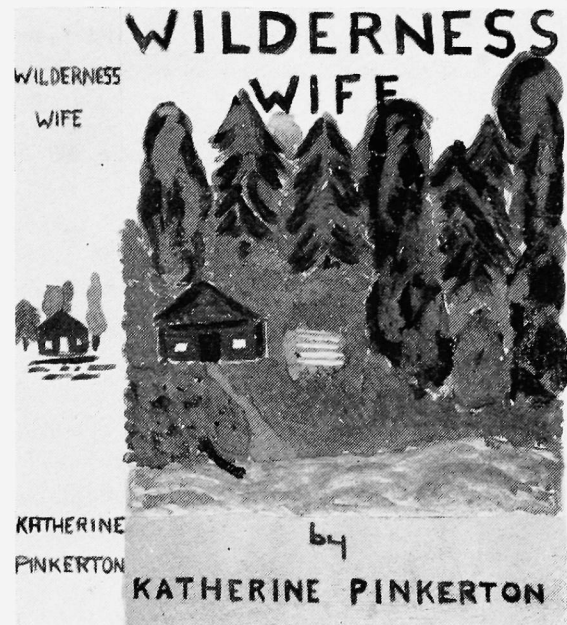
Poster by CLAIRE FAULKNER, V A



Noah's Ark by LINDA WARD, III A



Poster by HEATHER ALLAN, V B



Bookjacket Design by CYNTHIA HANDS, VI B



Spring Landscape by GEORGIANA HEBDEN, IV A

### On Writing a Poem for the School Magazine

(With apologies to William Shakespeare)

To rhyme or not to rhyme; that is the question:  
Whether it is nobler in the mind to suffer  
The curse and sorrow of the unpoetic mind,  
Or to take arms against Blank Verse, and end  
All by opposing it? To sleep—to write  
No more! and by a sleep we mean to end  
The heartaches and the thousand natural  
blunders

That the unletter'd mind is heir to. To write;  
To write: perchance to rhyme; ay, there's the  
rub;

For in these incoherent jots what rhymes may  
come

Must give us pause; there's the respect  
That makes calamity of writing poetry—  
I **cannot** rhyme!

C. SCOTT, VI A

—o—

### A HILLSIDE AT DUSK

As you stand there on the summit, the reflection  
of a most glorious sunset casts it's golden red  
rays around you. The air is filled with the soft  
fragrance of the first spring flowers, now heavy  
with dew, that grow on the hill, and of the fresh  
grass, so green that it changes in colour when  
the light falls upon it in the right way. In the  
distance you can hear the sound of running  
water, and now and then the voice of a sleepy  
bird, or the crickets which are chirping in the  
background. The sun sinks lower and lower  
in the sky as you watch, and one by one the  
stars come out. As if by magic you see a pale  
moon come from behind a cloud, leaving a path  
of silver on everything it touches. As you turn  
to go, in the deepening night a feeling of peace  
comes over you, a feeling that you have never  
had before.

JENNIFER JOB, V A

### MES PROJETS D'AVENIR

Je suis une petite chenille et mes projets  
d'avenir sont très simples. Je voudrais que  
le monde m'aime. Je suis très laide et personne  
ne me regarde jamais. Moi, j'adore les jeunes  
filles et les dames que j'admire de loin, mais les  
jeunes filles et les dames, est-ce qu'elles m'ai-  
ment? Oh, non! Quand elles me voient elles  
disent, "Oh! quelle horreur," ou "Oh! mon  
Dieu! Une chenille! Au secours!" Quelquefois,  
les petits garçons m'attrapent pour faire peur  
à leurs soeurs, mais après ils me jettent dans un  
coin ou dans le fossé.

Ma grande ambition est de devenir un papillon,  
Oh, oui! je sais bien que c'est impossible. Je  
suis si laide et un papillon est si beau. Chaque  
fois que je me couche, je rêve que je suis un  
papillon dont le corps est petit et délicat et les  
ailes d'une belle couleur éclatante. Malheureuse-  
ment quand je me réveille je suis toujours une  
chenille et non pas un papillon.

Si j'étais un papillon tout le monde raffolerait  
de moi. Quand les jeunes filles et les dames  
me verraient, elles ne diraient pas, "Oh! une  
chenille!" elles diraient, "Oh! regardez ce  
papillon-là, il est très beau, n'est-ce pas?"

Je sais bien que c'est impossible mais n'est-il  
pas permis de faire de beaux rêves?

ELIZABETH BRADSHAW, Matric

—o—

### FORM VI B

F is for Form, ours is VI B.

O is for obedience which the Staff do not see.

R is for responsibility, that we've started to take.

M is for memories of the mischief we make!

S is for smiles, which we have for each other!

I is for information, that **we** must discover.

X is for "x" ams—they cause us to groan!

B is for behavior, for croc walks we've known!!

K is for knowledge, and we try to excel.

H is for happy, when we do our work well.

C is for Compton, and we'll express to all  
the fun and good times we have at King's Hall!!

D. A. ARNOLD, VI B

## FORM V A

Dear Miss MacLennan,

This has been, with your help and that of Mrs. Watt, a very successful year. We want to thank you for all that you have done for us. Oh yes, we know we have not been "angels," but we will try very hard in the near future.

Do you remember how thrilled we all were when Enid was put on the School ski team, and became one of the goalies on the MacDonald soccer team? Then, after some practise, we finally had our own soccer and basketball teams. Sheila, as our sports captain has helped us in practicing different sports and organizing our teams.

Believe it or not, there is really quite a bit of talent in our form. For example, Judy, Di, Sheila and Enid are the class pianists. We even have Pam and Anne in the choir. Some time when you are up in the art room, Miss MacLennan, you may notice, on some of the best paintings, the following signatures: Margot Beaubien, Joan Donald, Nusa Maal, Enid Goelet and Eve Gordon. As you already know, Sally Thorpe and Claire Faulkner keep us amused as our class jesters.

We are proud to say that we have two girls from the United States, Enid and Sally, and Nusa Maal all the way from Colombia, South America.

Now, Miss MacLennan, we would all like to join in thanking you again for such a wonderful year and in telling you that this has been the most enjoyable year we have had at King's Hall, with Margot as Form Captain and you as Form Mistress.

Love from us all,  
V A

—o—

## THE COTTAGE SONG

We're glad this day has come around,  
For friends like you and me  
Are closer drawn, and ties made dear  
That ne'er forgot shall be.

So here we are, so let us sing,  
Our hearts are filled with cheer.  
Let's make each day a day like this,  
Throughout the whole long year.

## THE JUNIOR COTTAGE

The Cottage is the home of the III A's, the IV A's and four of the V B's, and our kind matrons Mrs. Bannell and Mrs. Thissen. In September, several new girls came to live at the Cottage, and each entered enthusiastically into our activities.

We have had several social functions this year. The first was the Cottage Tea. Miss Gillard, several Mistresses and the Prefects were invited. We sat around the fire singing Christmas carols and the Cottage Song. The refreshments consisted of sandwiches, cookies and cream-puffs which were made by the girls themselves. The party was a great success.

The IV A's and the III A's put on an Operetta in February. Both acting and singing were excellent and Mrs. Bannell and Mrs. Thissen were very proud of their girls.

After Easter Mrs. Thissen had to leave us. We were very sorry, as she was very kind and was loved by all the girls. Mrs. Johnson took her place and we are very happy with her.

We have been very happy this year in all our work and fun. Sports like skiing, skating, snowballing and bicycling are popular with all of us. These and other pleasant times have gone to make up a very successful and contented school year.

A. ENGLISH, V B.

—o—

## THE PINE WOODS

The tall, majestic pines are clothed in colourful array by the brilliant rays of the setting sun. Their graceful branches are tinted with gold. The pine cones and needles, cast down by these types of evergreens, form a golden covering on the ground. When the sun is set the pine-woods are dark and forbidding, but there is still that delightful fragrance to lure you on. During the day the pines have played hosts to numerous animals and birds who seek their welcoming shade. At night they take on the appearance of guarding sentries, standing serene and lofty in the dark stillness with only an occasional creak of their boughs to disturb the silence.

V. Ross, V A

## K. H. C. O. G. A.

The following excerpts are from a letter written by Flora Baptist, at present working with the Canadian Red Cross Blood Transfusion Service at Calgary, Alberta.

"Our depot in Calgary is situated on a beautiful estate formerly owned by Lady Lougheed. It is a huge stone house and has four stories and a tower. It has been rumored that the place is haunted but so far I have been unable to stretch my imagination far enough to hear any ghosts. Altogether there are ten of us living in, and, as there are two large kitchens at our disposal, we are very comfortable and can manage to do a lot of our own cooking.

"There are about 25 girls here on the B.T.S. staff; some technicians, some V.A.D's, and of course the drivers. (Being in transport myself, I feel that it is the most important department.) The hospitals throughout the province which have contracts with us are supplied with whole blood free of charge and therefore any patient requiring a transfusion now gets it gratis. In this way many tragedies are averted as so much time is saved by having blood on hand at all times.

When a hospital telephones in, we drive to that hospital, pick up a specimen of the patient's blood, bring it back here to the lab where it is tested and cross matched with blood from our bank, then we return to the hospital with the required number of bottles, and the transfusion can be administered immediately. We also have routine runs to all the hospitals during the day and night, supplying blood for operations to be performed the following day.

The hospitals out of town contact us by either telephone or telegraph notifying us that a specimen has been sent by bus, train, or plane, then we are at the station to pick it up and take it back to the lab. The required blood is then packed in special containers holding ice and is taken back to whatever means of transportation leaves for its destination. However, if this fails, we drive it ourselves. This service is open 24 hours a day and we are on call for all emergencies.

In order to keep our bank supplied, we go out on our famous mobiles which are lots of fun and give us a chance to see the country. When

we plan a mobile, the local Red Cross of the town in which we decide to hold a clinic is notified and they round up the donors for us and have a hall ready. We leave in a convoy which consists of three vehicles. "Jumbo" is our three ton army truck complete with right hand drive, double clutch, five shifts, and four wheel drive. It is a huge van which carries all the equipment—20 beds and mattresses, pillows, blankets, and medical supplies, etc. Then comes the station wagon carrying the nine members of the nursing staff, and last, the refrigerator van which carries the blood. Upon arrival the clinic is set up and we are ready to start in half an hour, and we put through an average of fifty donors in an hour.

Our last trip was an eight day mobile in which we covered over a thousand miles and went through the Rockies into British Columbia. Just as we were going through the famous "Crownsnest Pass" we hit a blizzard that was really something. Visibility was zero and it took us six hours to go 40 miles. People were so interested in our progress that the newspapers kept track of our whereabouts. Once Jumbo went into the ditch, but we are always ready for such emergencies, carrying shovels and tow chains.

During this trip we stayed overnight in a place called Coleman and at 3 a.m. we were awakened very suddenly and told to vacate the hotel as there was a fire across the street and a gale blowing our way. Our first thought was the garage where our vehicles were right in the line of fire so we ran over and had to break in to get them. We had to take out some other cars before we could reach our own and one of these happened to be a large passenger bus, something I have always wanted to drive, so here was my opportunity. It turned out to be a worrying few minutes as it was so long that I had to back it nearly into the fire in order to get its nose around. After we got the vehicles into safety, we took over a coffee shop and made coffee for the men on the hoses who were now covered with ice. We helped people vacate their burning houses and carried precious pieces of furniture which they insisted on trying to save and hung onto hysterical women who were trying



to run back into their burning homes to rescue the family pictures. By 7 a.m. it looked as if the whole town was going to burn but fortunately by noon the wind changed and that alone saved the day. We had to get on our way, so off we went, half dressed, worn out, and our clothes saturated with smoke. We arrived at our next town at 1 a.m. exhausted but ready to set up the clinic the following morning at 9."

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## MONTREAL BRANCH

### MARRIAGES

Margaret Williams to Ian Norman Fleming, May 22, 1948.

Patricia Hanson to John Patrick Gordon Kemp, May 20, 1948.

Helen Elizabeth Hume to Harry Ardis Allen, August 30, 1947.

Ellen McCrea to John M. Maffre, September 6, 1947.

Barbara Eardley-Wilmot Carr to Geoffrey Constable, October 11, 1947.

Françoise Raymond to Conrad de L. Porteous, October 11, 1947.

Ruth Maddocks to Robert Trevor Ferguson, September 16, 1947.

Margaret McCuaig to John E. Fowler, October 18, 1947.

Rosemary Jukes to Charles Woodward, January 7, 1948.

Helen Hatch to William M. Ross, February 28, 1948.

Jocelyn Pangman to George Harrower Galt, April 2, 1948.

Lillias Margaret Savage to Col. H. E. Doucet, April 3, 1948.

Joan Claire McCort to Jacques DesBaillets, April 24, 1948.

Elaine-Ann Casgrain to Norman F. Macfarlane, April 29, 1948.

Gwendoline de Rothschild to Roland Henry Hoguet, March 18, 1948.

Mary Molson to James E. Iversen, September 1947.

Frances Franklin to George Evans, March 1948.

### BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Henderson, Roma Dodds, on July 6, 1947, twin sons.

Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Moorhouse, Eileen Birks, on September 11, 1947, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross M. Davidson, Elizabeth Lyman, June 20, 1947, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Winters, Constance Benison, August 5, 1947, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Dawes, Julia Merrill, September 1, 1947, a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Dunn, Jane Holt, September 12, 1947, a son.

Dr. and Mrs. Lauder Brunton, Marjory Lewis, September 24, 1947, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Laird Bovaird, Sheila Birks, October 15, 1947, a son.

Inspector J. A. Stevenson (R.C.M.P.) and Mrs. Stevenson, Dorothy Newton, October 18, 1947, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Johnston, Josette Lacaille, November 2, 1947, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip H. Lee, Janet Morrissey, November 18, 1947, a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Cochand, Morna MacLean, December 2, 1947, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Graham, Jr., Mimi Moncel, February 18, 1948, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Barrett, Elizabeth Strong, February 9, 1948, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Keith Ellson, Katherine Littler, February 8, 1948, a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Hurdle, Margaret Brewer, February 11, 1948, a daughter.

Dr. and Mrs. Graham C. Taylor, Elizabeth Elder, March 14, 1948, a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie R. McLernon, Diana Dawes, March 20, 1948, a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Gordon McOuat, Mary Fisher, March 29, 1948, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Forbell, Ann Ewens, April 6, 1948, a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh H. MacKay, Geraldine Hanson, April 29, 1948, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Newman, Sonia Baillie, December 5, 1947, a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Clapham, Peggy O'Connor-Fenton, November 10, 1947, a daughter.

**ENGAGEMENTS**

Margaret Davis to Frederick Galt de Sieyes, to be married in the fall.

Lucille Molson to James Nelson Morton.

Anne Morgan to Alfred E. Beck, Jr., the marriage to take place in the fall.

Rosalie-Anne Ballantyne to James Paterson, to be married June 28, 1948.

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**GENERAL NEWS**

Elspeth Angus, Daintry Chisholm, Shirley Kennedy, Peggy MacLaren, Jennifer Parry, Valerie Reid, Betty Dawson, Joanne Hewson, Heather MacIver, Janet MacLaren, Linda Palmer, Margaret Shipman, June Walker, and Jane Wilson have been attending McGill University.

Martha McCabe is in the Faculty of Engineering at Dawson College.

Julia Mackenzie and Lois Lusk have completed their nurses' training at the Montreal General Hospital.

Cynthia Cochrane, who is International Agent with the American Airlines in Toronto recently

won a contest for promotion of Overseas Travel' the prize being a visit to London, Copenhagen and Amsterdam.

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**HAMILTON BRANCH****MARRIAGES**

Margaret Ambrose to Desmond Gibson, June 4, 1947.

Nancy Wigle to Charles Harrison, February 21, 1948.

Joan Denman to Donald Shaw, June 4, 1947.

—o—

**BIRTHS**

Mr. and Mrs. Blakeney Woods, Babs Young, February 4, 1948, a son.

—o—

**GENERAL NEWS**

Peggy Beattie is attending McMaster University.

Jane Holton is teaching at Hillfield School.

**Staff Directory**

Gillard, Miss A. E., King's Hall, Compton, Que.  
 Bannell, Mrs. J., 468 Victoria Ave., Westmount, Que.  
 Cailteux, Mlle O., King's Hall, Compton, Que.  
 Elliott, Mrs. G., Sawyerville, Que.  
 Hammer, Miss G., King's Hall, Compton, Que.  
 Hughes, Miss H., 614 Brunswick St., Fredericton, N.B.  
 Johnson, Mrs., 103 Wellington St. N., Sherbrooke, Que.  
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 Keyzer, Miss G., 292 Humphrey St., Swampscott, Mass.  
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 McArel, Miss N., Glace Bay, N.S.  
 MacDonald, Miss A., Port Hastings, N.S.  
 MacLennan, Miss F., 3 Dalhousie St., Halifax, N.S.  
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 Morris, Miss M., 231 Hillsdale Ave. E., Toronto, Ont.  
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 Taylor, Miss R., Amherst, N.S.  
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 Bishop, B., 148 Quebec St., Sherbrooke, P.Q.  
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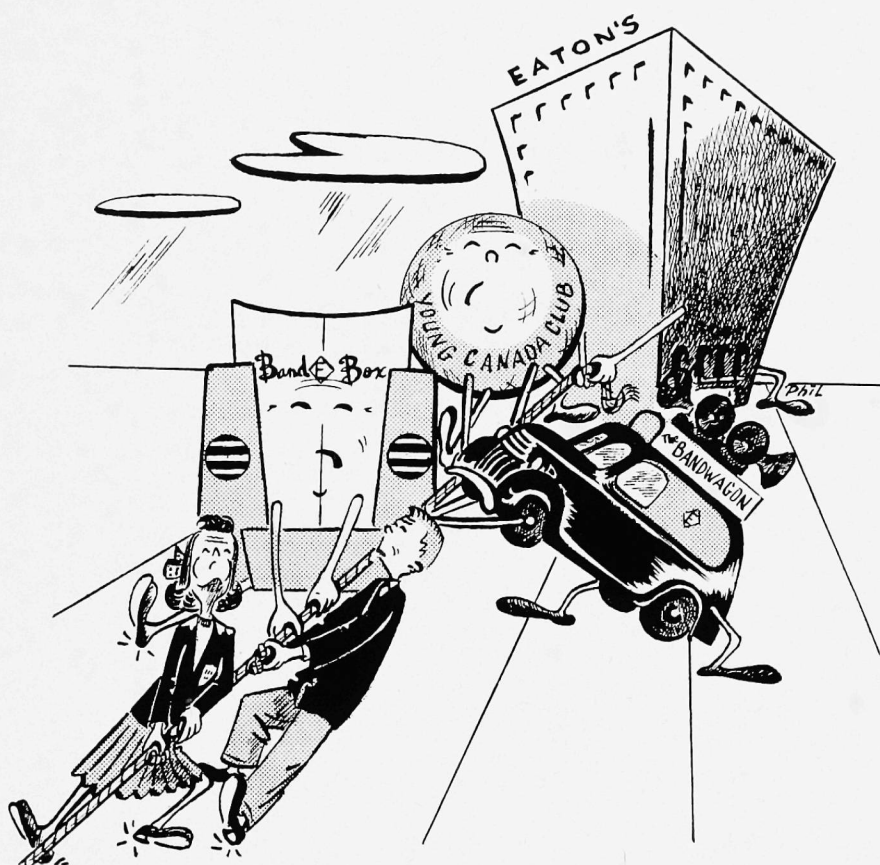
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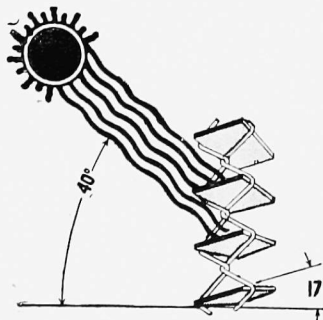
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- ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW: St. Andrew's, Aurora, Ont.
- EDGEHILL REVIEW: Edgehill School, Windsor, N.S.
- LUDEMAS: Haverigal College, Toronto, Ont.
- BISHOP'S STRACHAN SCHOOL MAGAZINE: B. S. S., Toronto, Ont.
- LACHUTE HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL: Lachute, Que.
- THE BEAVER LOG: Miss Edgar's and Miss Cramp's School, Montreal, Que.
- TRAFALGAR ECHOES: Trafalgar School, Montreal, Que.
- THE TALLOW DIP: Netherwood, Rothesay, N.B.
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- THE BRANKSOME SLOGAN: Branksome Hall, Toronto, Ont.
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